

always

by yukizakii

Category: HakuÅ•ki/è-„æ;æé-¼

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Okita S.

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-07-12 08:44:19

Updated: 2012-07-12 08:44:19

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:08:26

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,566

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: no matter how hard he tries, he will always lose to that person. Souji centric; slight Souji x Chizuru and Hijikata x Chizuru.

always

A/N: Hello. I'm back. I know it's been a ridiculous amount of time since I updated, but I'm back. For a while, anyway.

_I felt kind of bad for not publishing anything for such a long time, but I've been getting back into Hakuoki lately so I decided to finish a fic that had been rotting in my folder for quite a while. I first wrote in in January of 2011. Then I never finished it. Ahh, procrastination. Because it's an old fic and I haven't written anything in about a year, I'm a little dissatisfied with it but eh. I'll let it be.

>

_I'll hopefully be writing more since I'm getting back into the fandom. Reimeiroku! So much love for Ryunosuke
adfljkadsfklj;dasflakds.

>

I think most of you have probably finished Hakuoki so I seriously doubt that Souji's illness will come as a surprise.

* * *

><p>The snow is crisp and white; a glimpse of purity and peacefulness. It makes a light crunch as he steps in a pearly drift of it, leaving a footprint behind in its wake. Without any socks on, the snow stings his skin through his shoes, but he is able to easily ignore it.<p>

The headquarters is quiet, for the night is so bitterly cold that

little dare to venture out. Kyoto itself is silent tonight; very little sound comes from the town beyond the Shinsengumi headquarters. He stops and lounges outside in the courtyard on one of the stone steps, watching the world sleep.

He turns his head up to the deep night sky, watching the delicate snowflakes fall. One cascades on his cheek and quickly dissolves into nothingness, leaving a cold spot on his cheek. He almost smiles at it, and lifts his hand up to his face.

"It's just like that day," he says to himself. "Like that snowy, cold day in Edo when I met him."

And then he truly does smile then, holding out his hand to catch another falling snowflake. How things have changed, he thinks to himself. How quickly the years have passed.

He remembers it distinctly—the day he arrived on the Shieikan Dojo's doorstep, a skinny and weak boy of nine with no upper arm strength to hold a sword properly. The day had also been one of snow, and he had been chilled to the bone. Most of the students held no sympathy—after all, he had only been a tiny, arrogant weakling of a child. But there had been one person among the unfriendliness of the dojo—one who had taken the time to make a steaming cup of tea for him and sat down with him to talk.

He would learn that Kondou Isami was the adopted son of the head of the dojo, Kondou Shusuke, and as the years passed he came to view him as a father. Kondou Isami taught him all of the sword skills that he would need. Within a few years, he had grown strong enough to put up a good fight against the older students. They had called him a prodigy, but he had refused any credit—it was only Kondou's help. He swore to protect him as a thank you for the kindness he had been shown from the beginning.

A harsh wind blows; his clothes rustle and his hair blows with it too. He self-consciously touches his tied-up hair, checking that it is still in place.

I'm trying to copy Kondou-san in my hairstyle, Chizuru-chan. Is it any good?

Mm. It suits you.

He lets out an exhale, watching the white mist dissipate into the air. Really, he thinks. Chizuru-chan is so quick to respond to anything.

He swipes his fingers through the delicate white snow, his fingertips numbing with the chill. He draws a fluffy handful into his palm, despite the cold sting against his skin.

Even though he has followed Kondou-san for years, training to become someone who could protect him, he has always fallen behind him.

Oh yes. Him. The arrogant, cocky, vain, selfish, reckless Hijikata Toshizou. He balls his fist around his mound of snow in anger, caking it into a mound of compressed ice and snow. No matter how hard he vied for Kondou-san's attention, he always fell into the shadows

whenever Hijikata-_san_ was present.

Ten years passed, and still nothing had changed.

He smirks. "Really, Hijikata-_san_," he chuckles. "You could give me a break once in a while."

"Okita-_san_?"

He glances up, and his piercing green eyes catch a young woman in a pink sleeping _kimono_. Her hair is down, a rarity to her usual ponytail. Her dark brown eyes are fixated on his own. "Okita-_san_? What are you doing here?"

"Chizuru-_chan_," he replies, although it is not exactly a reply to her question. "What do I owe this pleasure?"

"That won't do, Okita-_san_!" She hurries over to him, despite the fact she is only wearing socks on her feet, and no shoes. "It's very cold tonight. You should come back inside before you catch a cold!"

"What's the point?" he says. "I'm already bound to die, anyway. I took the _ochimizu_, and my body is going to lose against tuberculosis someday. A cold seems rather small compared to those factors, Chizuru-_chan_. I don't care."

"But that doesn't mean you can just recklessly treat your body like so!" she shoots back, her voice laced a surprising amount of ferocity. "Okita-_san_, your body is very important. And with your condition, a cold could probably make it even worse. So don't say things like 'I don't care' anymore. Please, Okita-_san_!" She bites her lip, and glances downward. "I care about you, Okita-_san_."

He sits there with his mouth agape for a few seconds, before he reaches out and pulls her close. "Oh, Chizuru-_chan_," he murmurs. "What am I going to do if you keep acting this cute?"

"Okita-_san_!" she cries out in surprise, her voice squeaky and pitchy. "What are you?"

"Shh," he whispers into her ear. "Just let me be this selfish tonight."

"Souji!" A clear, low voice cuts through the cold night. The two of them glance up, Chizuru's eyes widening with surprise. A man stands under the awnings, his long black hair gently swishing in the chilly wind. "Souji! Chizuru! What are you two doing here?"

Chizuru hurriedly steps back, her cheeks and ears bright red. "Hijikata-_san_?" She shakes her head quickly, as if to dissuade that anything has happened. "Ah, um!"

"Chizuru-_chan_ saw me here and told me to come inside," he interrupts, his hand knocking against hers as if to warn her to say no more. "Nothing impure, if that was what you were thinking..."

"Of course not. Don't be an idiot," Hijikata shoots back. "Get inside already, you two. How stupid can you guys get?"

"Ah~"yes!" Chizuru dips her head in acknowledgement, her dark tresses slipping against her shoulders. Then she turns around, a fierce expression on her face. "Okita-san, you're coming back inside with me!"

"Don't want to," he replies back.

"Okita-san!"

"Leave him, Chizuru. Souji, if you want to ruin your health further by staying out here, then do so. But there are people who care about you, you know! Really...what am I supposed to tell Kondou-san if you freeze to death out here? Use your head a little, won't you?"

"~|Hijikata-san, if I die, I might just haunt you forever as a ghost to piss you off," he replies, although Hijikata's words are echoing through his head. _There are people who care about you, you know! Really~|what am I supposed to tell Kondou-san _if you freeze to death out here?_

_Kondou-san..._I wonder if you care this much about me as much as I care about you_.

"Idiot. Do what you want," Hijikata snaps. "Chizuru, let's go."

"~|Okita-san, I'll leave some tea for you inside so you can warm yourself up!" Chizuru gives him a small smile before turning around and hurrying under the awning. Yet on her way she slips on a patch of ice on a step, a small cry of surprise emitting from her. Before he can even stand up, her hand is already in another's.

"Be careful," Hijikata reprimands, although his voice is soft and not irritable at all. "Really, what am I supposed to do with you?"

"T-Thank you," Chizuru stutters, her cheeks turning a pale pink. Souji lets out a sharp breath. _Does she~"_

"Come on, let's go." Hijikata helps her up, and the two of them disappear into the hallway. He watches them go~"his tall figure and her small, petite stature, walking next to each other. And for a moment, he feels jealous. A jealousy so similar to the time he had seen that same tall figure and Kondou-san together, sharing a close friendship and bond he could never reach.

"Really, Hijikata-san," he softly says. "I can't ever win against you."

* * *

><p>Derpin'. It was awkward and I am sorry about that
OTL.

_Thank you for reading! Also, reviews would be nice :)>

End

file.